

THE MENTOR

"A Wise and Faithful Guide and Friend"

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ROMANTIC IRELAND

A TRIP AROUND THE WORLD

With DWIGHT L. ELMENDORF

Lecturer and Traveler

GIANTS CAUSEWAY

BLARNEY CASTLE

THOMOND BRIDGE—LIMERICK

HILL OF TARA AND STATUE OF ST. PATRICK

LAKES OF KILLARNEY

A TYPICAL VILLAGE

IRISH character is more widely known than Irish scenery. They are equally attractive, however, as all travelers in Ireland know. Ireland is a land of legend, richly colored and unsurpassed in beauty and dignity. And through all its myths and stories there run mingled threads of pathos and of humor. Ireland's treasured traditions tell in varied form a story of Irish nature, with its laughter and its tears. Her lighter songs are timed to the sprightliest measures; but these are not in the majority. Most of Ireland's national music is set in a pathetic minor key.

Irish literature and Irish songs are the natural expression of the character of the Irish people; and this national character has been shaped

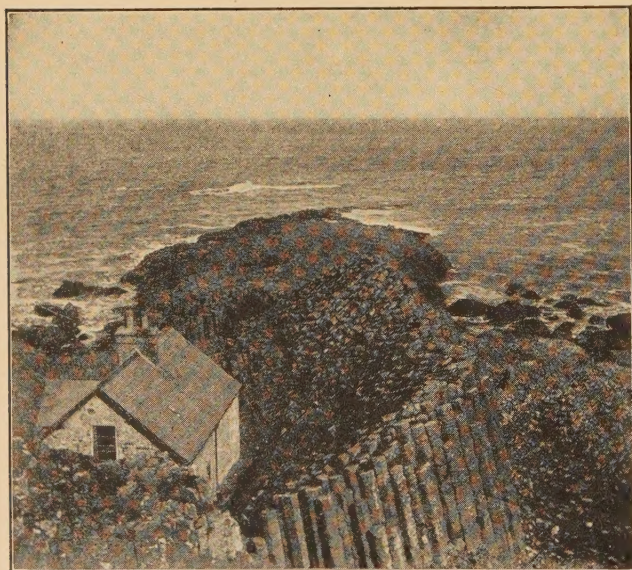
by a history full of bitter struggle from the beginning, and has been colored and sweetened by the poetic influence of a land filled with scenes of endearing and romantic beauty.

The minor note in Irish life seems to strike many travelers first. One has called Ireland "the strange, sorrowful Island of the Sea." Beaconsfield ascribed the vein of pathos in the Irish nature to the fact that Ireland was surrounded by a melancholy ocean. And yet had it not been for the long, hard years of national conflict, the geographical situation of Ireland and her scenic beauties, her stretches of rich soil and fair climate, would no doubt in the natural order of things have produced a somewhat different national character, and no one would have found the surrounding ocean "melancholy."

As a matter of fact the combination of ocean and cliff to be found along miles of the Irish coast offers scenes of surpassing beauty, and some of extraordinary geological interest. Among the most amazing of Nature's large experiments is the Giants Causeway.

A MARVEL OF NATURAL BEAUTY

'This freak of nature presents an aspect so strange that it is difficult



LOOKING DOWN ON THE GIANTS CAUSEWAY

From this point the Causeway looks like a great floor paved with hexagonal stones. The so-called "Giants Organ" may be seen in the lower part of this picture at the right.

to find words to describe it. A great stretch of columns, fully 40,000 in number and all about twenty inches in diameter, thrust themselves up from the earth for acres before you. For nearly one hundred yards they run out into the ocean. The columns are the result of a curious uniform cleavage, each one being five or six sided, and the sides being cut as evenly as if the Creator had carved them with a knife. The columns are not, as some suppose, all monolithic, *i. e.*, each one a single piece of stone. Many of them are jointed like a bamboo cane, the

joints resting one on top of the other, with ends fitted perfectly together by concave and convex surfaces.

How long this freak of nature has existed, who can tell? The stone is basalt, which is volcanic in origin, and geologists state that the cleavage has been caused by the cracking of the stones during a process of cooling, far back in some early geological age.

The legendary story of the origin of the Giants Causeway is known to most of us. It gives credit for its construction to the sturdy giant chieftain, Fin MacCoul. The legend tells us that Fin, having received a challenge from a Scottish giant, and wanting to make it easy for them to meet, built this Causeway across the sea and won a victory over his Scottish rival that effectually quelled the latter's ambition and reduced him to submission.

Many tourists visit the Causeway every year. There are spots of great beauty there. Near the Causeway are the ruins of Dunluce Castle, a picturesque pile of towers with a most romantic history. Up along the cliffs at one point the columns of the Causeway rise far above the floor and present an appearance of organ pipes. Still above that are a number of tall, slender rocks called the "chimney tops." For those who will climb the heights, there is a view of great beauty. Far off in the ocean, but plain to sight, lies the Isle of Staffa, with its strange natural formation called "Fingals Cave." All about is the solemn splendor of the sea, and below lies the Causeway, looking from that point like a huge floor paved with hexagonal stones.

THE SHRINE OF IRISH WIT

Everybody knows what "blarney" means, and that it comes from kissing the Blarney Stone. Blarney Castle is the shrine of Irish wit.



THE WISHING CHAIR—GIANTS CAUSEWAY

Here is shown plainly the peculiar hexagonal formation of the columns which make up the Causeway. The stone on which the cap has been placed is called the Wishing Chair.

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It has been so from the time of its building in 1446. Tradition tells us that Cormac MacCarthy, the great chieftain who built the castle, happened one day to save an old woman from drowning, in return for which she promised him a golden tongue that could persuade everyone with its eloquence, and could influence friends and enemies alike. This gift he could obtain, however, only by ascending to the keep of his castle and by kissing a stone in the wall. Cormac MacCarthy died; but his gift of eloquence apparently became "set" in the stone. There, within about five feet from the top of the castle, is the famous Blarney Stone, and it is kissed by thousands every year in the hope—altogether a harmless one—that Cormac MacCarthy's gift of golden speech may be extracted, at least in part.

Besides the interest in the Blarney Stone, a trip to Blarney is well worth while. The drive of a few miles from Cork to the village of Blarney is one of the most beautiful in all Ireland. The land is rolling, green, and fertile, and filled with interesting landmarks. Old Blarney Castle is an impressive structure of gray stone. From whatever point of view we look at it, we are impressed with its dignity and romantic beauty. To reach the Blarney Stone you enter the castle and climb the dark, damp stone stairway until you arrive at the top of the castle. It is not convenient nor easy to reach the stone. In former times it was the custom to let the visitor down by the heels; but a row of iron spikes prevents this now, and the pilgrim seeking the golden tongue must get down on his knees and stick his head through a square opening. The process requires a clear head and some courage.

The property of Blarney Castle remained in possession of the descendants of Cormac MacCarthy until 1689. It was then confiscated, and in 1702 Sir Richard Pyne bought the entire 1,400 acres for about \$15,000. Today, however, descendants of Cormac MacCarthy are still living as day laborers around the castle, and the old ruin is surrounded by traditions and legends. It is said that the Earl of Clancarty, who lost Blarney Castle at the time of the Revolution, threw all the plate into a certain part of Blarney Lake. Three of the MacCarthys know the hiding-place. When one dies he hands down the secret to another one of the family. Never, until a MacCarthy is again Lord of Blarney, will the secret be revealed—so the saying goes.

"WHERE THE RIVER SHANNON FLOWS"

Limerick, the "City of the Violated Treaty," lies just beyond the "Golden Vale" of Tipperary in County Limerick, Ireland. Here the River Shannon flows; for the city occupies both its banks and an

island in the stream. Limerick is said to have been visited by Saint Patrick sometime in the fifth century; but it first came into prominence after the Danes plundered it in 812. They made it their principal town in the kingdom of Limerick from then until they were driven out near the close of the tenth century.

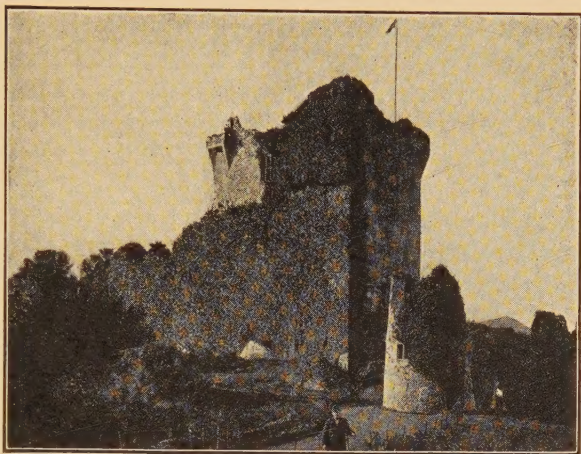
The original part of the city, called Irish Town, was founded first on one bank of the Shannon. Then William de Burgo, to whose care Limerick was committed, founded the so-named English Town on Kings Island. Here he built a strong fort. During the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries the city was attacked time and again, and during the next three hundred years it grew to be one of the strongest forts in the kingdom. General Ireton captured the city in 1651.

William III. besieged Limerick in 1690, but without success, and the siege was ended by the Treaty of Limerick on October 3, 1691. The treaty was signed on Thomond Bridge. On the west end of this famous bridge is still preserved the Treaty Stone, placed there to commemorate the signing of the treaty.

TARA, THE HOME OF KINGS

The village of Tara is in County Meath, Ireland, and near it is the famous Hill of Tara, on which the statue of Saint Patrick stands. For many centuries the Hill of Tara was the home of Irish kings. There the great assemblies of the people were held, and there stands the Lia Fail, or "Stone of Destiny," on which the kings of Ireland were crowned. Irish history tells that Ireland, like England, was invaded a number of times. One of these invasions was from Greece, and it is said that this stone was brought from Greece by what was called the "tribes of the god Dana," and set up at Tara. They brought with them also the caldron of the Dagda, and the sword and spear of Lugaid Lamfada.

The Hill of Tara, rising 510 feet in the air, stands isolated, and upon it converge five highroads from different parts of Ireland. Six



ROSS CASTLE, KILLARNEY

Situated on Ross Island in the Lower Lake, this castle was for many years the fortress of the famous O'Donoghues. Its early history was bloody; but today, peaceful in its ivy-covered solitude, it presents anything but a warlike appearance.

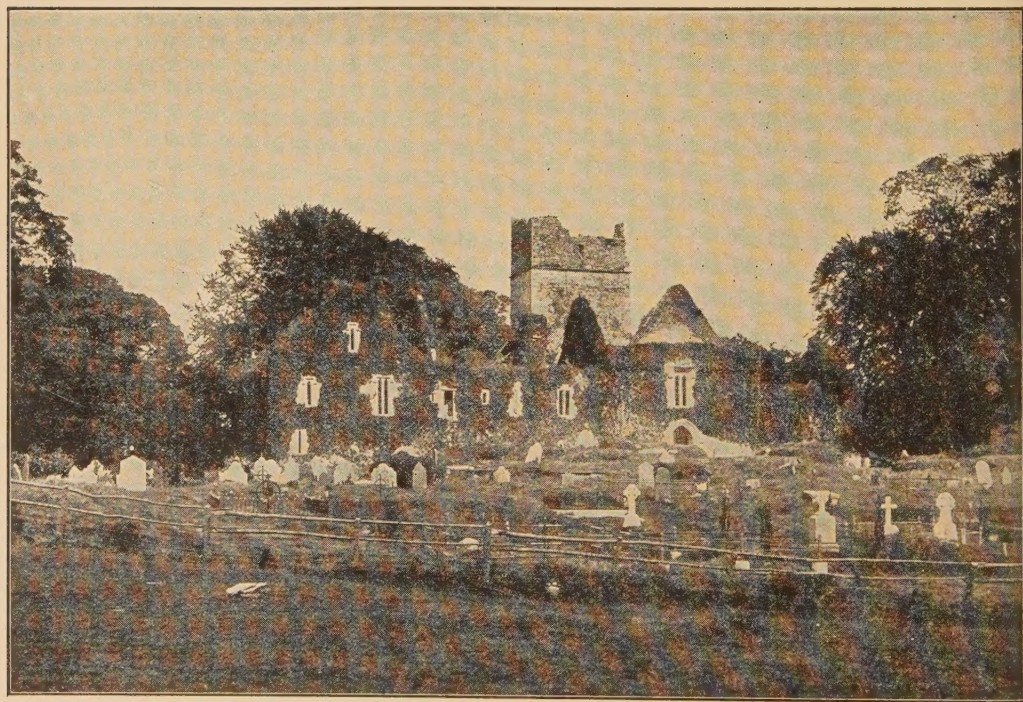
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circular earthworks were built on its summit and sides, and inclosed by the largest of these is a flat-topped mound, which was the king's own. It is on this mound that the Stone of Destiny stands.

Tara has seen many historic events. Schools for military training, law, and literature were established at Tara about the middle of the third century by King Cormac Mac Art. In 980 the Danish power of Meath was overthrown in a battle there. The insurgents were defeated severely at Tara on May 26, 1798. Daniel O'Connell held one of his mass meetings in support of the repeal of the legislative union* there on August 15, 1843.

But now:

“The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts that once beat high for praise
Now feel that pulse no more!”



MUCKROSS ABBEY

Muckross Abbey stands between the Lower Lake and the Middle or Torc Lake in Killarney. It was founded by the Franciscan Monks in 1400. The surrounding country is entrancingly beautiful.

*The union of 1800 between Great Britain and Ireland, by which the separate Irish Parliament ceased to have an existence.

THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY

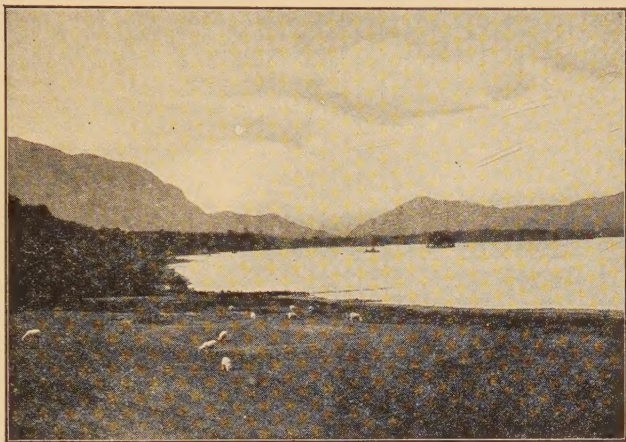
Most romantic spot of all in Ireland—Killarney. The Lakes of Killarney, Ross Castle, Muckross Abbey, Macgillicuddy Reeks, Mount Mangerton with the Devil's Punchbowl, the Gap of Dunloe, the Ogham Cave of Dunloe, and Sweet Innisfallen—the breath of romance and beauty clings about the very names of these historic places.

It is in Killarney that the enthusiastic tourist falls naturally into poetry.

The very countryside exhales poetry, while Nature's gifts in beauty are bountiful. Historic ruins, serene lakes, fair islands, and precipitous mountains, castles, and monasteries, vine-clad and yew-shaded, a riotous growth of holly and arbutus in forests of beech and oak and fir and elm—all these make the region of Killarney the most entrancing spot in the British Isles.

Muckross Abbey, beautiful beyond description, stands on the eastern shore of Lough Leane. Away to the west of the lakes lies the famous Gap of Dunloe, and farther still the tallest mountains in Ireland, the Macgillicuddy Reeks.

From the palatial mansion of the Earl of Kenmare, whose estate adjoins the town of Killarney, a beautiful view of the Lower Lake may be had. On an island in this lake are the ruins of old Ross Castle, built many centuries ago by one of the famous O'Donoghues. This historic ivy-covered pile was the last stronghold in Munster to surrender to Cromwell's forces in 1652.



THE LOWER LAKE, KILLARNEY

Lough Leane, or the Lower Lake, is studded with finely wooded islands, of which the largest is Ross Island, where stand the ruins of Ross Castle. On the island of "Sweet Innisfallen" are the ruins of an old abbey founded in 650 A. D., by Saint Finian, the leper. Here were written the Annals of Innisfallen.

IRISH VILLAGE LIFE

We have told so far only of the country of Ireland; and so beautiful is it that the mind of the traveler loves to dwell on it, for he is enticed from one natural beauty to another in this fair land. Whether it be in the high mountain region of Killarney, or in the Golden Vale of Tipper-

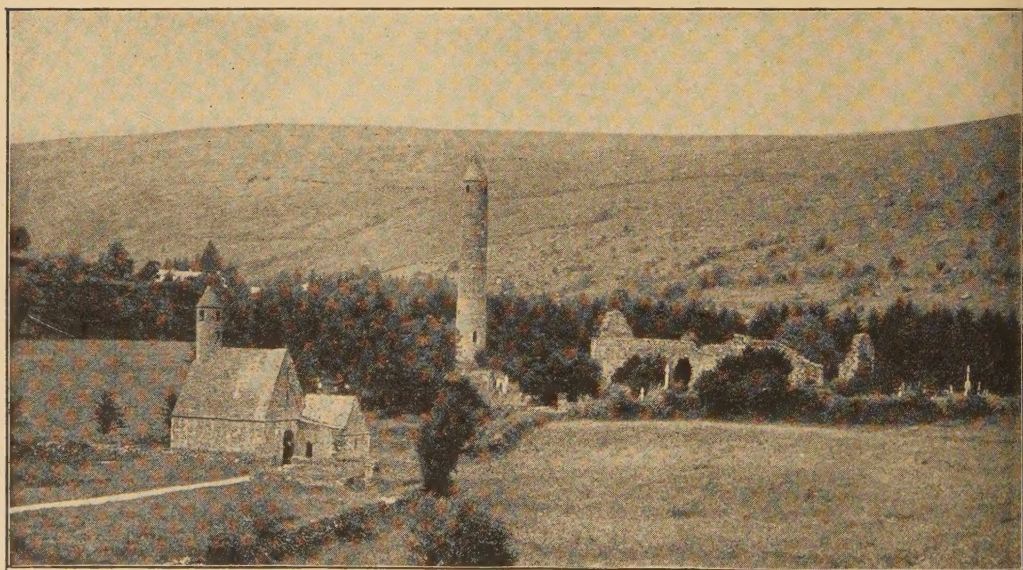
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ary,—that most fertile tract, which is to Ireland what the Blue Grass region is to Kentucky,—there is always some allurements in Nature to attract the eye and invite the soul.

But Irish village life has its attractions too; for there we meet with the lovable Irish people. Warm in heart, genial in disposition, sincere in hospitality, it is in the village life that the simple types of people are to be met in whom the traveler will find greatest enjoyment. He should mingle with them, and let them show their homes and home life to him, which they will do with a friendly candor that will win his heart.

There is much that is picturesque in the villages. The humbler the conditions are, the more picturesque in some cases, and through the country in the smaller towns are to be found many interesting old houses and historic landmarks.

Much has been said and written about the towers of Ireland. There are about 118 of these altogether, twenty of them in a good state of preservation. These towers have been the subject of much discussion. They are the work of religious architects, and were built for sacred purposes. These towers are in the vicinity of churches or monasteries.



CHURCH AND ROUND TOWER, GLENDALOUGH

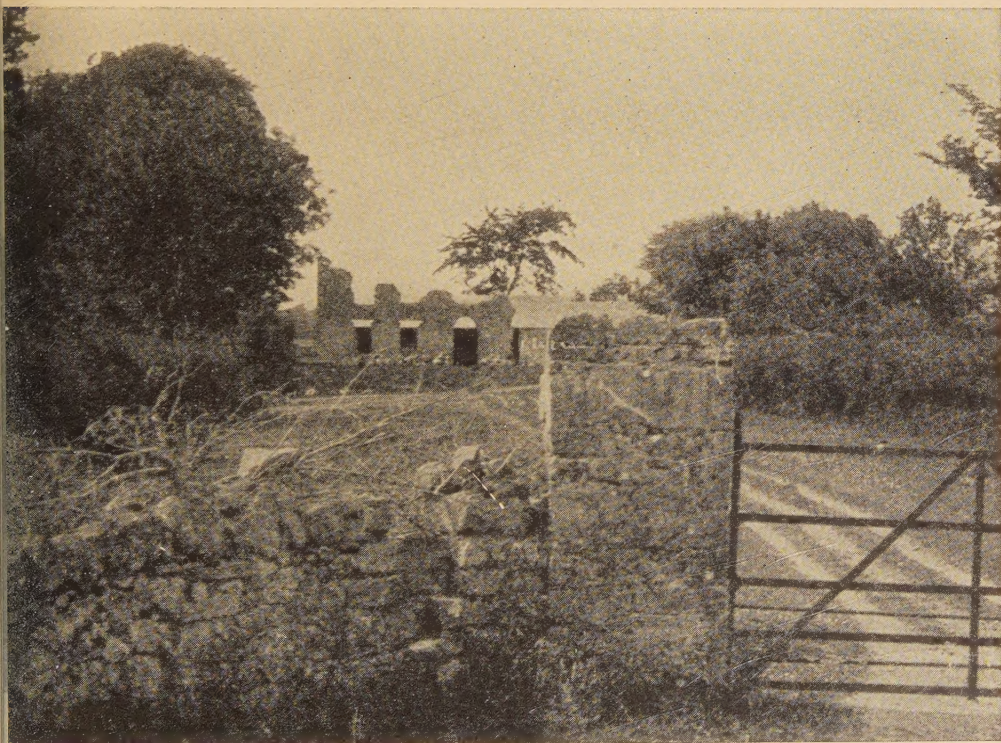
The Vale of Glendalough is in County Wicklow, Ireland. Scattered there are the ruins of a former monastic settlement, now called the "Seven Churches." The church is called Saint Kevin's Kitchen. The Round Tower is one of the finest in Ireland, is 110 feet high and 52 feet in circumference.

and were used as strongholds in time of need. Some were bell towers after bells came in.

GOLDSMITH'S DESERTED VILLAGE

It is well worth the traveler's while to visit a number of typical villages of Ireland, and no one should leave the country without having seen the "Deserted Village," made famous by the poet, Oliver Goldsmith. Many to whom the name of Goldsmith is a household word are unaware that the "Deserted Village," of which he tells in his gentle poem, actually existed and exists today.

Oliver Goldsmith's father was a Protestant curate in Ireland, and the family lived near Lissoy—now called Auburn. After Goldsmith grew up and had made his home in London, the old village fell into decay, and it was in ruins at the time he wrote his poem, though he did not actually



RUINS OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH'S HOME IN "THE DESERTED VILLAGE" OF AUBURN

*"There where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose."*

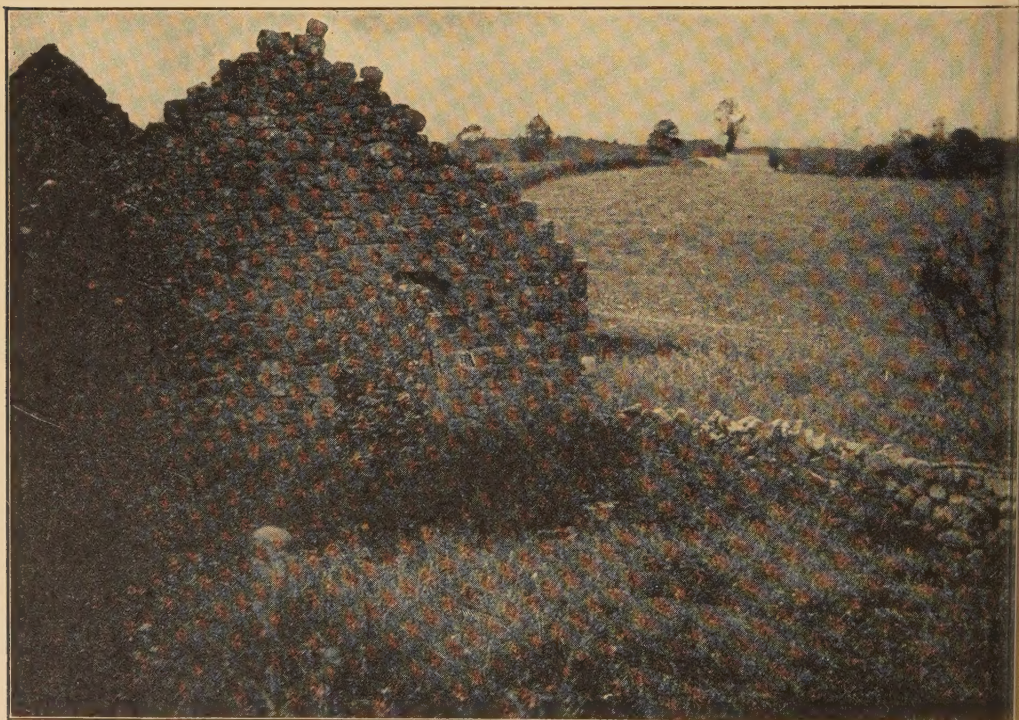
revisit the spot. It was in busy London, far away from his childhood home, that his mind turned lovingly to the scenes of his boyhood, and he sang of

“Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain.”

Auburn has been called the “very heart of Ireland,” and it has come to be a pilgrimage place for those that have learned to love Goldsmith. Apart from an interest in the poet, there is enough to invite a traveler to the spot; for there is a bit of village, not “deserted,” that affords entertainment sufficient to while away an afternoon.

These are but selections from the many beautiful spots of Ireland. Many books could be written without exhausting the subject. Perhaps the most eloquent expression of appreciation of the “Emerald Isle” is to be found in the utterance of one traveler:

“We began our tour of Ireland in a spirit of curiosity. We ended it in a glow of enthusiasm and love.”



RUINS OF THE MILL, “DESERTED VILLAGE”

This, the “busy mill” beside the “never-failing brook” of Goldsmith’s immortal poem, is now but a small pile of ruins. Its millstone, once so industrious, now lies buried forever in the ground at the door of the inn.

“The Three Jolly Pigeons.”



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OVER BEAUTIFUL ENNIS KERRY

SUPPLEMENTARY READING



Shamrock Land	<i>Plummer F. Jones</i>
The History of Ireland	<i>Keating</i>
Literary History of Ireland	<i>Douglas Hyde</i>
Text Book of Irish Literature	<i>Eleanor Hall</i>
Social History of Ireland	<i>P. W. Joyce</i>
The History of Ireland, An- cient and Modern	<i>Martin Haverty</i>
Heroic Romances of Ireland, translated by	<i>A. H. Leahy</i>
Ireland, Its Story	<i>S. C. Hall</i>
Ireland and Her Story	<i>Justin McCarthy</i>
Outline of Irish History from the Earliest Times	<i>Justin Huntly McCarthy</i>
Folk Tales and Fairy Lore in Gaelic and English, collec- ted from oral traditions, by	<i>James Macdougall</i>




QUESTIONS ANSWERED

Subscribers desiring further information concerning this subject can obtain it by writing to

The Mentor Association
381 Fourth Avenue, New York City



N the midst of a great crowd of people stood Oengus, son of King Natfraitch. He was being baptized by Saint Patrick, and this was the good saint's first convert from heathenism in all south Ireland. By some unlucky accident when he was being baptized the spike of Saint Patrick's crozier passed through Oengus' foot and

remained there through the long ceremony. At last the rite was completed. Only then did the saint discover that his royal convert was in such great pain.

"Why didst thou not tell me?" he asked Oengus.

"Ah, Father," he replied, "I thought it was a part of the holy rite!"

"Then," said the good saint, "thou shalt have thy reward. Not one of thy successors to the throne of Cashel shall die of a wound from today forever!"

And it is said that this promise was fulfilled so truly that twenty-seven kings ruled over Cashel before ever one was slain.

Saint Patrick is the patron saint of Ireland, and a great statue of him who, according to legend, banished all the snakes from the Emerald Isle, stands on the hill of Tara, near the village of the same name in County Meath, Ireland.

Saint Patrick first converted the Irish to Christianity. Before his time Druidism had a great hold in Ireland. The Druids were strange people. They were the center of a religious system existing on the Continent and in Ireland. To them the oak

was sacred, and also in a much higher degree the mistletoe. Their sacrifices were often human.

To the Druids were ascribed miraculous powers. They were supposed to be able to foretell the future. They could destroy memory and discover people who had disappeared. It was believed that they could produce insanity.

The Druids always opposed the Christian missionaries, and they tried to prevent the progress of Saint Patrick through Ireland by raising clouds of dust and fog.

Not a great deal is known about the life of Saint Patrick. It is said that he was the son of a deacon, a middle-class land proprietor, living at Nemthur (now Dumbarton), in Scotland. When he was only a boy Saint Patrick was kidnapped to Ireland by a band of Irish raiders. For six years he was a slave in Ireland. Then he managed to escape and entered a monastery. Later he had a vision which seemed to tell him that his lifework was to be a missionary to the Irish.

His converts to Christianity were many, and he established churches all over Ireland. He died in 461.



FIN MACCOUL was the undisputed champion of Ireland. Not another of the island's many giants dared oppose him. But Bennandonner, the champion giant of Scotland, thought he would like to give this Irishman a good beating. He said that he certainly would come over and do it too, if it were not winter and the

water too cold for swimming. But Fin wouldn't let him have this for an excuse, and called his bluff by building a great causeway from Scotland to Ireland. Bennandonner had to come over, and Fin gave him a good drubbing; but being a generous giant, he allowed the Scotsman to marry and settle in Ireland. Tradition says that Bennandonner did this very gladly.

After the death of the Giants, the causeway was not used very much, and it gradually sank beneath the sea. Only parts of it are now visible—on the coasts of Scotland and Ireland and of Rathlin Island. Such was the origin of the Giants Causeway—or at least that is what they tell you in Ulster.

The Giants Causeway is situated on the north coast of County Antrim, Ireland. It is divided into the Little Causeway, the Honeycomb, and the Grand Causeway. Its pillars are five or six sided, in diameter 15 to 20 inches, and in height some are 20 feet. For nearly a hundred yards out to sea the Causeway is always above water.

Near the Giants Causeway are the ruins of Dunluce Castle. This huge pile of turrets and towers is perched on the tops of tall rocks one hundred feet above the sea. In the old days only a draw-

bridge connected the castle with the mainland; but now a narrow wall has been built. It must have been pretty near impregnable in those early times.

They say that the McQuillans built Dunluce Castle about 1550. A Banshee or Wailing Ghost inhabits one of the rooms still, it is said. It must be so; for one room in the castle is always swept very clean, and on stormy nights a wailing is heard rising even above the roaring of the waves.

One room of the castle is suspended in the air, held in place only by its connection with the rest of the building. The part of the rock on which it was built fell into the sea.

Rising up above the Causeway are some slender rocks called the Chimneytops. When Elizabeth was queen, one of the ships of the Spanish Armada got round to the north coast of Ireland, and, mistaking these rocks for the towers of Dunluce Castle, bombarded them. The night was stormy, and the ship, losing her bearings, went down in the bay, which is now called Port-na-Spania. Casks of gold and wine were carried in on the shore by the waves and many years later skeletons of the drowned Spaniards would now and then be found.



IN the year 1446 an Irish bishop—his face scarred with many wounds—climbed to the keep of his castle, and, hanging over the side, kissed a stone in the wall about five feet from the top. This was Cormack MacCarthy, and the castle was Blarney Castle, his military stronghold. For in those days a bishop had to be a good

fighter besides being a good churchman. The stone that MacCarthy kissed is now called the "Blarney Stone."

Cormack MacCarthy built Castle Blarney in County Cork. One day, a little while after he had finished it, he was walking along when he happened to see an old woman drowning in a stream. Being both a courteous and a brave man, he immediately plunged in, and after many struggles rescued her. The old woman blessed her rescuer and promised that, for a reward, she would bestow upon him a tongue of such eloquence that he could influence friends and enemies.

But there was only one way to obtain this gift. He must climb to the top of his castle and kiss a stone in the wall there. MacCarthy followed directions, and immediately obtained such eloquence that he delayed for a long time by persuasion and promises the surrender of the castle to the Lord President. It is said that even to this day whoever climbs to the top of the castle and kisses the stone will receive the gift of golden speech.

Many people now go to kiss the Blarney Stone. One time a young American visited Castle Blarney, and was very enthusiastic about kissing the stone. He leaned over the square opening; but just then he got a look at the ground, one hundred and twenty feet below. He suddenly decided

that this business of kissing the Blarney Stone was only a silly superstition, and was not worth the trouble anyway.

One of the legends that cling about the ruins of Blarney is that in the pastures near the castle ghostly cattle fight at night with the present possessors of the grounds. It is reported that in the summer fairies dance on the grass all night.

Castle Blarney's fame has been increased by Richard Millikin's song, "The Groves of Blarney," written in 1798. Francis S. Mahony, known as Father Prout, added the following lines, which have carried the legend of the Blarney Stone around the world:

"There is a stone there,
That whoever kisses,
Oh! he never misses
To grow eloquent.
'Tis he may clamber
To a lady's chamber
Or become a member
Of sweet Parliament.

"A clever spouter
He'll sure turn out, or
An out and outer,
' To be let alone!
Don't hope to hinder him,
Or to bewilder him,
Sure he's a pilgrim
From the Blarney Stone."





LIMERICK, on the River Shannon in Ireland, has had a varied and exciting history. The Danes in 812 A. D. were the first to decide that that particular spot was a pretty good place to settle down in, and they made it their principal town in the kingdom of Limerick.

Brian Boroimhe, the warlike king of Thomond or North

Munster, was the man who expelled these invaders of Ireland from Limerick in 977. From then on until the English managed to capture it in 1174 the city was the seat of all the kings of North Munster.

It was along in 1691 that Limerick came to be called the City of the Violated Treaty." This is the way it happened: In 1690 William III, king of England, besieged Limerick. Try as he might, however, he could not capture it, and both sides agreed to end the long siege by a treaty. This treaty was signed on Thomond Bridge, which crosses the Shannon. The very stone on which this treaty was signed is still preserved. It has been placed on the west end of the famous bridge.

A great historic interest attaches to this incident. It is said that a clause—an important clause bearing on property

rights—was omitted from the final draft of the treaty. The question as to whether this was accidental or intentional has been a subject of discussion during all the years since that historic day.

The city of Limerick is really divided into three parts. That part called the Irish Town was the first founded. The English Town on Kings Island was founded by William de Burgo. Edmund Sexton Pery, speaker of the Irish House of Commons, founded Newtown Pery, that part of Limerick on the bank of the Shannon opposite Irish Town, in 1769. The prosperity of the city began about that date. The Pery family afterward received the title of the earldom of Limerick.

On Kings Island stands the cathedral of Saint Mary, which was originally built in 1142-1180. Since then it has been altered several times.



"Sweet Innisfallen, long shall dwell
 In memory's dream that sunny smile
 Which o'er thee on that evening fell
 When first I saw thy fairy isle"—



ANG Thomas Moore of the lovely island in the Lower Lake of Killarney. The whole lake region of Killarney breathes romance. It is the most beautiful spot in all Ireland.

The town of Killarney is in County Kerry, Ireland. It is a true Irish market town. Geese and chickens wander along

the streets, and even have the temerity to stroll into the kitchens and help themselves to anything that they find good to eat. On the back streets of Killarney there are many small cabin-like houses. The reason for this is said to be that many years ago a landlord had a philanthropic scheme of rebuilding the town so that every house should have a garden for itself. However, he forgot to make it a rule that this space should be used for a garden only, and most of the tenants sublet their plots to poorer people to build upon.

The Lakes of Killarney are about a mile and a half from the town. The Upper Lake, 430 acres in area, is the southernmost, and lies under the shadow of the Purple Mountains and the Derrycunihy range. The Middle Lake, whose area is 680 acres, is called Muckross or Torc

Lake. The Long Range is the name of the stream that joins the two lakes together, and where this river joins Lake Muckcross stands old Weir Bridge. Midway along the stream is the famous echo caused by the Eagles Nest, a lofty pyramidal rock 1,700 feet high. The Lower Lake, Lough Leane, is five miles long and three broad, the largest of the three. It is about this lake that the many ruins are clustered.

In the Lower Lake lies the island of Innisfallen. On this island are the ruins of an old abbey founded by Saint Finian the leper, in 650. Here were written the Annals of Innisfallen, which tell all we know of early Irish history. In 1180, when the abbey was full of gold and silver, Mildwin, son of Daniel O'Donoghue, plundered it, and slaughtered the keepers right in the cemetery of the McCarthys.



OLIVER GOLDSMITH had a hard time as a school-boy. Awkward, blundering, with his face badly marked by smallpox, he was the butt of all his mates and masters. His father, Charles Goldsmith, was a Protestant curate in Ireland, and Oliver was born in 1728 at Pallas, County Longford. When he was still a boy, the

Goldsmith family moved to Lissoy, now known as Auburn, the "Deserted Village." He entered Trinity College, Dublin, in 1744, but did not devote himself to study. On graduating in 1749 he tried several different professions; but was a success at none of them. Finally, after wandering about Europe for sometime, he returned to London and settled down as a hack writer.

His first and only novel, "The Vicar of Wakefield," was sold for about three hundred dollars to pay his rent, and it saved Goldsmith from being thrown into jail. He quickly became known as a writer, and received good prices for all that he wrote. But he was continually in debt, due to his extravagance and generosity.

"The Deserted Village" appeared in 1770, and Goldsmith received for it about five hundred dollars. Then three years later his play, "She Stoops to Conquer," was produced, and made an immediate hit. He was now assured of a good income; but his expenditures far outran his receipts. He wrote several histories, full

of inaccuracies, and a natural history, "Animated Nature," in which he describes giants of Patagonia, monkeys that preach sermons, and nightingales that repeat conversations. He really believed in these things, as he likewise believed that he chewed his food by moving his upper jaw.

Goldsmith died on April 4, 1774. It is said that he attempted to doctor himself during his last sickness. He had received a doctor's degree at one time in his life; but he never had any patients.

"I do not practise," he said at one time. "I make it a rule to prescribe only for my friends."

"Pray, dear Doctor," said Beauclerk, one of his friends, "alter your rule, and prescribe only for your enemies."

He never returned to his native village, although he always wished to. Lissoy, or Auburn, as it is now called, remains today the "Deserted Village."

Near it stands the "Pinnacle of Kilkenny-West," a granite shaft erected to mark the exact center of Ireland, and this region is truly the heart of the Emerald Isle.